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DYNAMO JOE
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WHO ARE THESE GUYS, ANYWAY?

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Only three civilizations exist in our spiral of the galaxy, the greatest being the **Terran Confederation**, centered on Earth. The galaxy is shared with the cat-like **Tavitans**, and a benign master race, the **Imperium**.

The two man crew of **Dynamo Joe** consists of:

1) **Sergeant Elanian Daro**: citizen of the Imperium.

2) **Private Pomru**: a young Tavitan out to see the Universe.

Ten years before the start of this story, the planets at the Galactic rim fell under attack by a bizarre extra-galactic enemy called the **Mellenares** — millions of microscopic organisms linked together to form a single group consciousness, and possessing the ability to read minds. The foe moves at sub-light speeds, in an obsessive straight-line, devouring planets in its path.

LAST ISSUE: Wolf-1's plans to eventually annihilate the entire Alliance were revealed, and the upgraded Dynamo Joe battled Wolf to a stalemate. Facing the combined firepower of the fleet, Wolf apparently chose suicide by hurtling himself directly into the Mellenares core...

Rick Obadiah, Publisher
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Kurt Goldzung, Sales Mgr.
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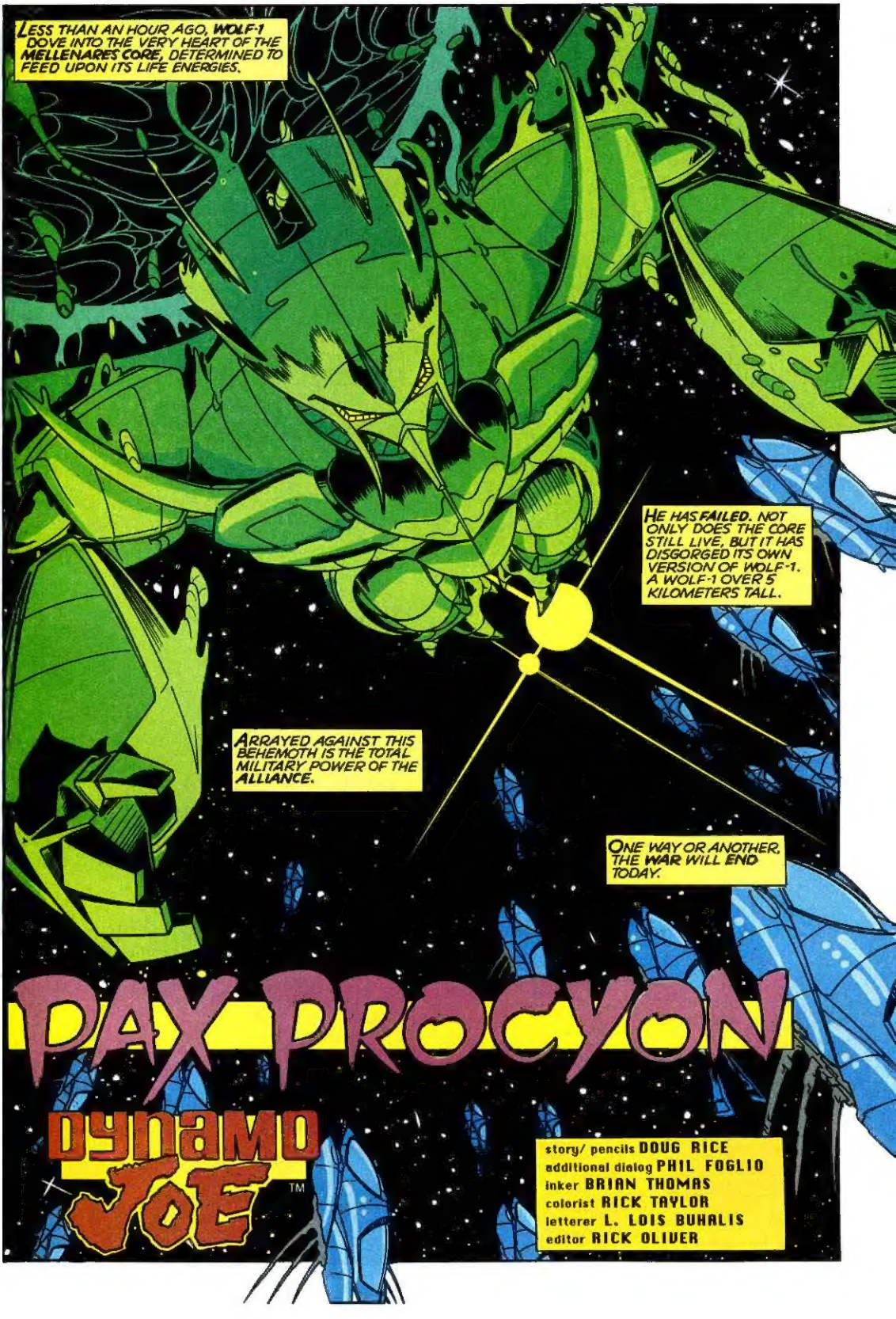
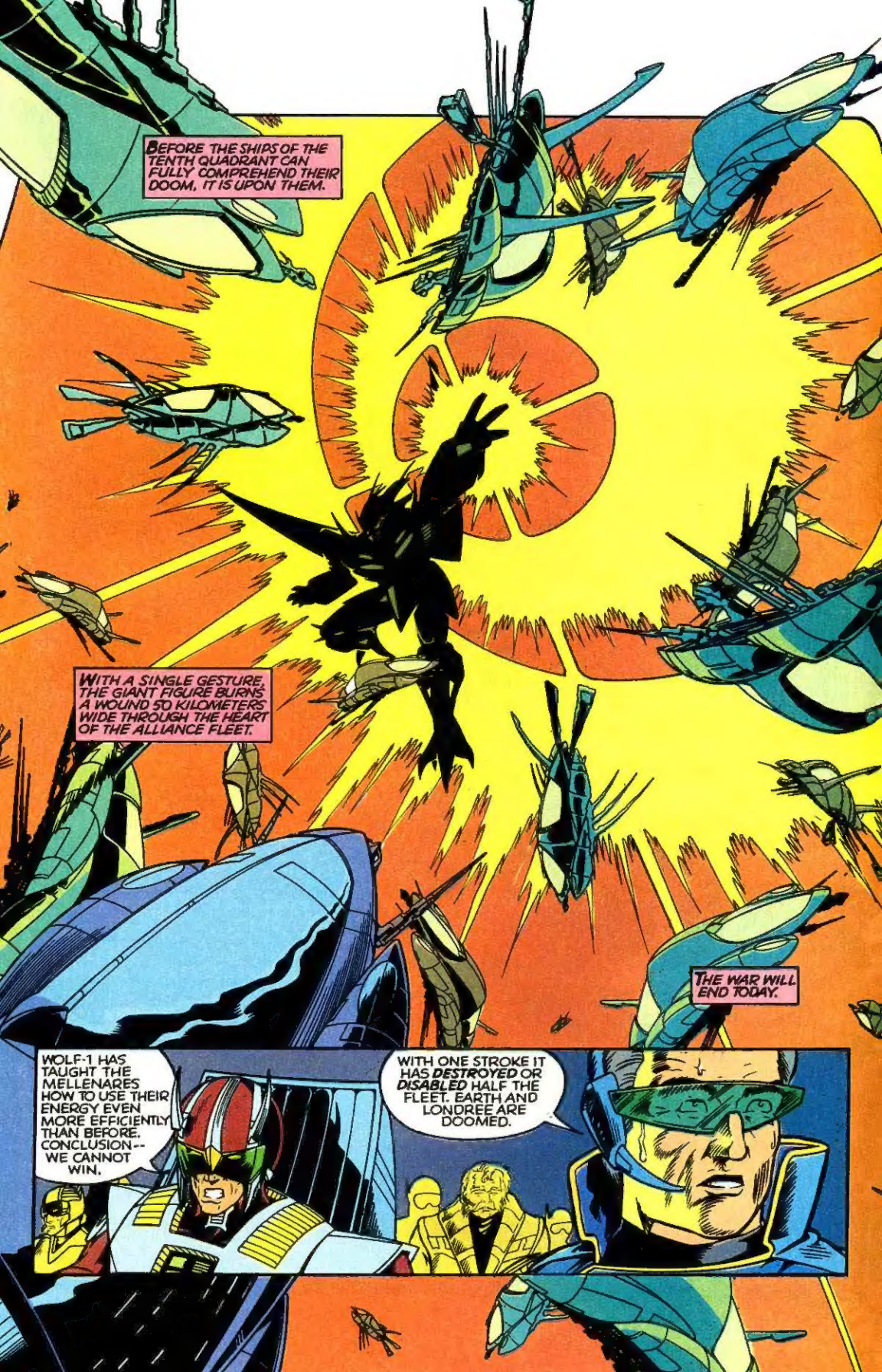
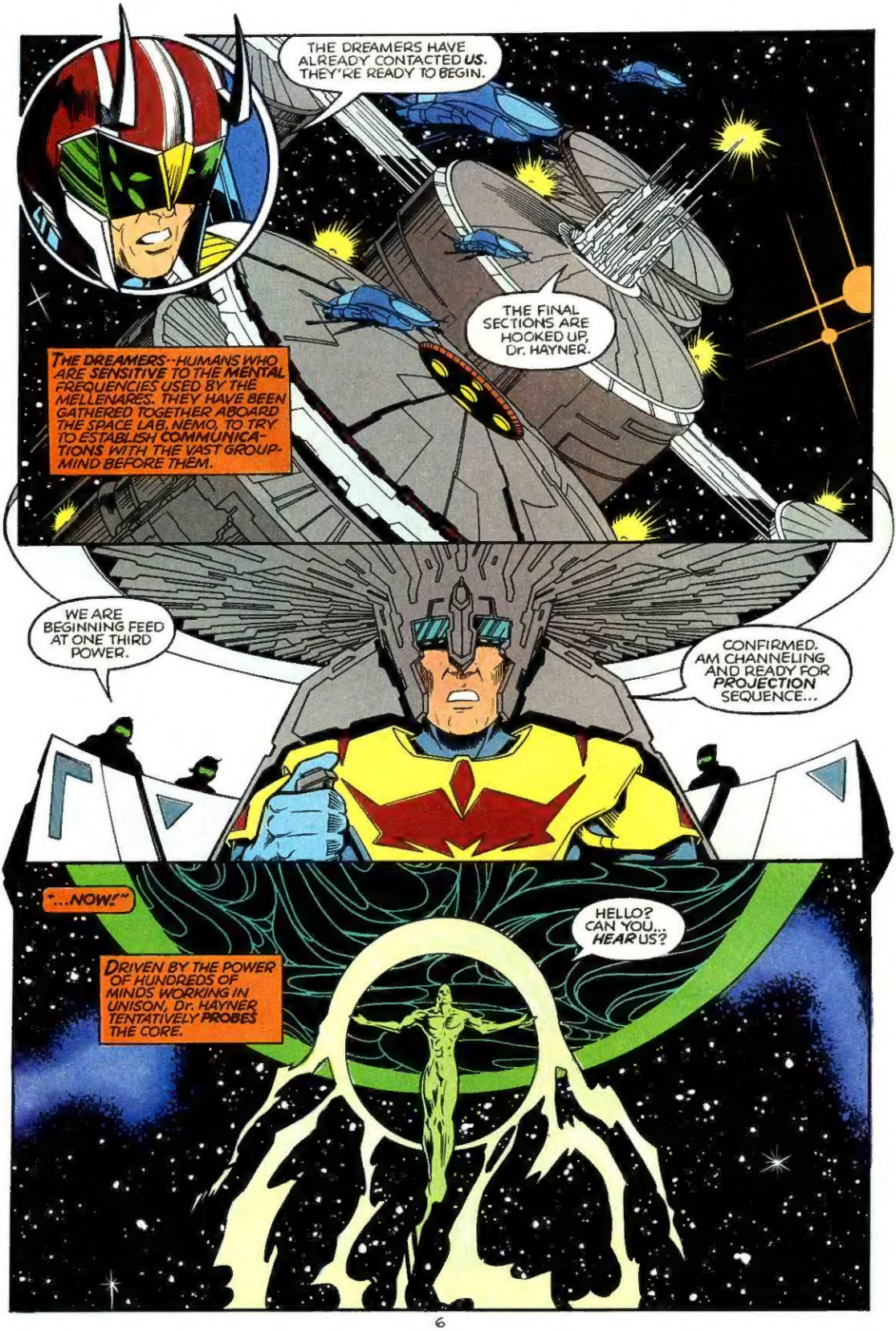

LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO, WOLF-1 DOVE INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE MELLENARES CORE, DETERMINED TO FEED UPON ITS LIFE ENERGIES.
HE HAS FAILED. NOT ONLY DOES THE CORE STILL LIVE, BUT IT HAS DISGORGED ITS OWN VERSION OF WOLF-1. A WOLF-1 OVER 5 KILOMETERS TALL.
ARRAYED AGAINST THIS BEHEMOTH IS THE TOTAL MILITARY POWER OF THE ALLIANCE.
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THE WAR WILL END TODAY.
PAX PROCYON
DYNAMO JOE ™
story/ pencils DOUG RICE
additional dialog PHIL FOGLIO
inker BRIAN THOMAS
colorist RICK TAYLOR
letterer L. LOIS BUHALIS
editor RICK OLIVER

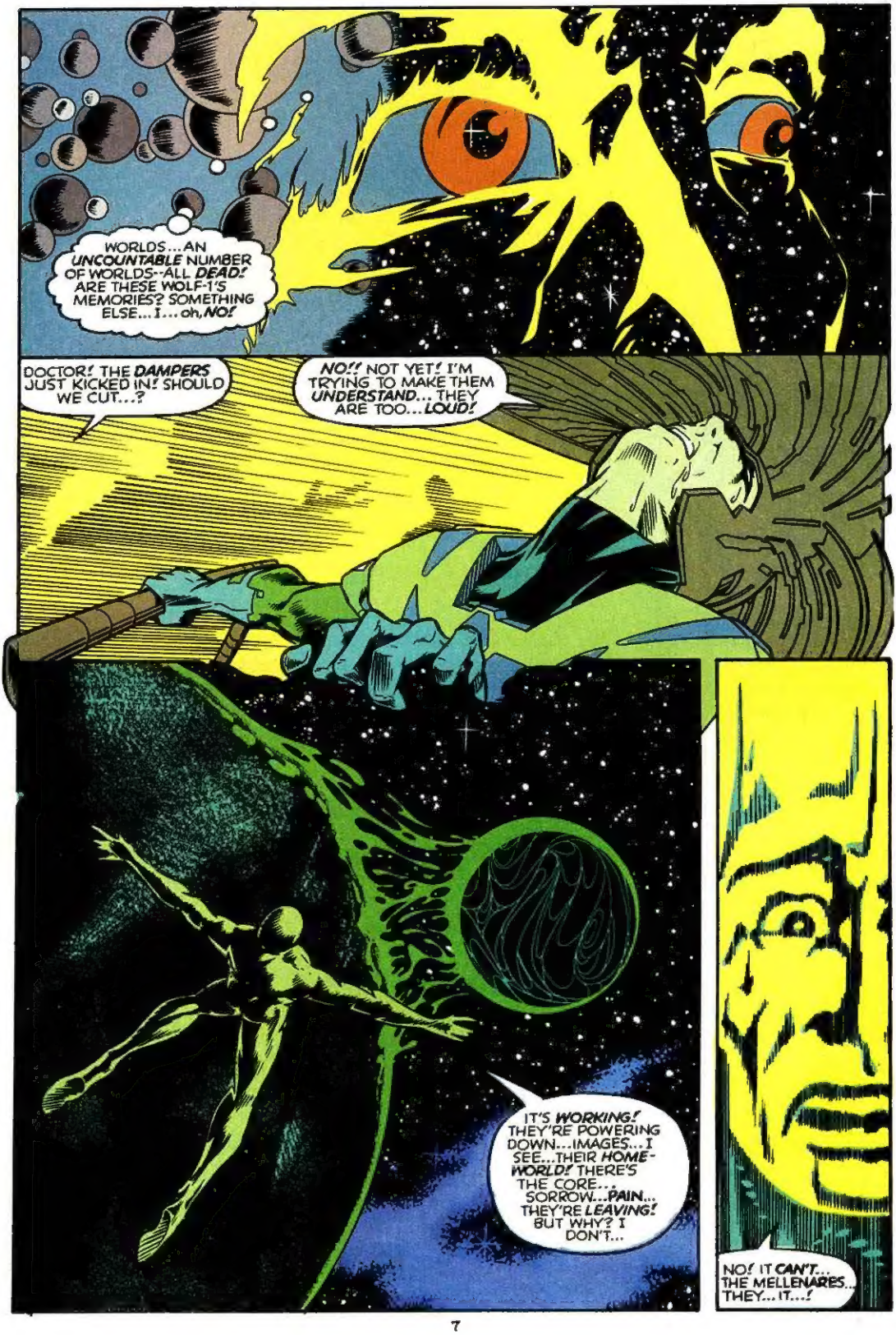
ABOARD DELTA BASE, THE MAIN FOCUS OF INTEREST IS IN INTERROGATION ROOM 12.
THAT COLOSSUS IS JUST FLOATING THERE, COLONEL VAUTRAVERS. YOU WORKED WITH WOLF-1, WHAT CAN WE EXPECT?
TROUBLE. IF THAT DOPPLE-GANGER'S ABSORBED WOLF'S MIND ALONG WITH HIS PHYSICAL SHAPE, THEN HE'LL BE MEAN AS A SNAKE.
"WHEN YOU SURROUNDED THEM CRITTERS WITH THE TAVITAN CLOAKING FIELD, THEY DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH SAVVY ABOUT THE NATURE OF SPACE T'KNOW THAT YOU WAS STILL THERE. THEY FELT SAFE.
"MY GUESS IS THAT THEY'RE STILL PROCESSING ALL OF THE INFORMATION THEY GOT FROM WOLF. BUT WHEN THEY GET TO WOLF'S FIGHT WITH YOU AND THE SERGEANT, THEY'RE GONNA REALIZE JUST HOW EASILY IT CAN TAKE YOU ALL OUT.
BUT THEY DO NOTHING-- WHY?
"WELL, THEY KNOW BETTER NOW. HELL, THEY'VE PROBABLY LEARNED MORE THAN WE'LL EVER KNOW 'BOUT THE NATURE OF SPACE."
"IF I WAS YOU, I'D RUN LIKE HELL."

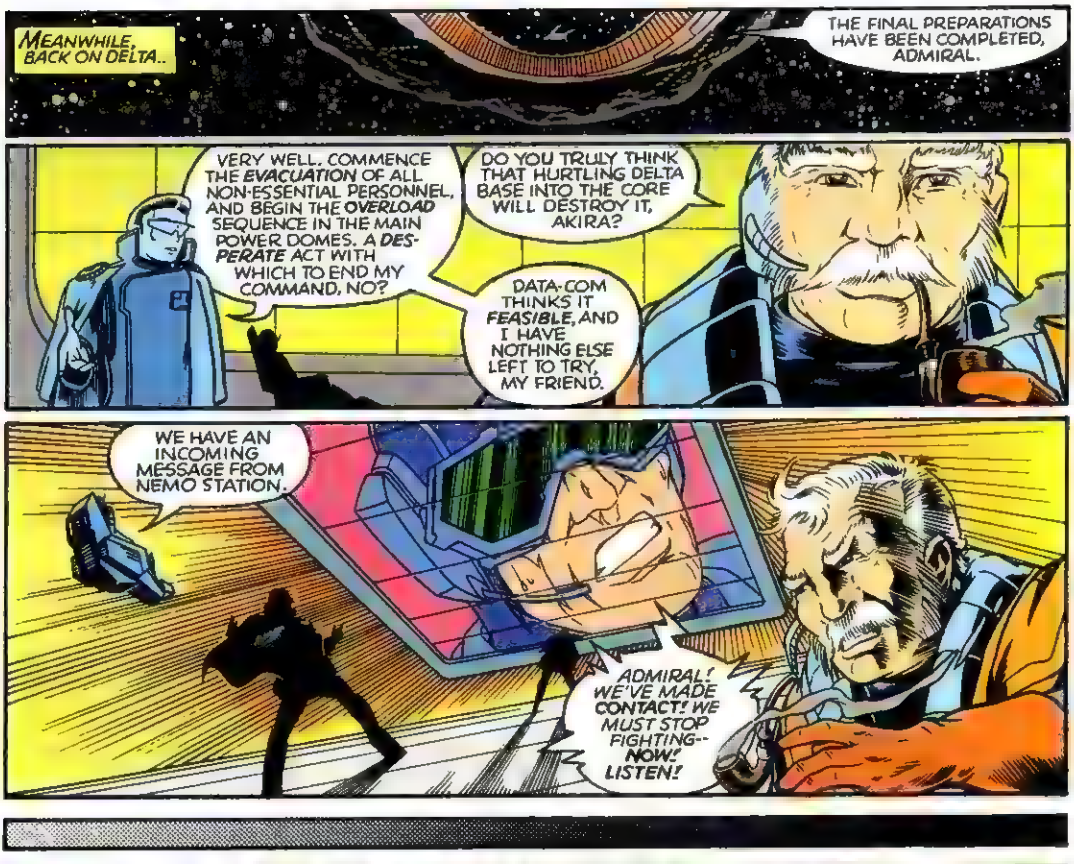
MEANWHILE, ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ALLIANCE CRUISER OKAWARA...
DAMN SHIMAMURA! THE LAST THING I WANT TO DO IS GET CLOSER TO THAT MONSTER. WE CAN SCAN IT JUST AS WELL...
COMMANDER GUINAN! IT'S ENERGY LEVELS ARE GOING UP!
TERRIFIC.
HELM! GIVE ME EVASIVE ACTION! FULL SPEED! NOW! SPARKS--INFORM DELTA THAT IT'S ATTACKING THE TENTH QUADRANT!
QUADRANT TEN-- EVACUATE!!
LOOKS LIKE YER TIME'S UP, GENERAL.

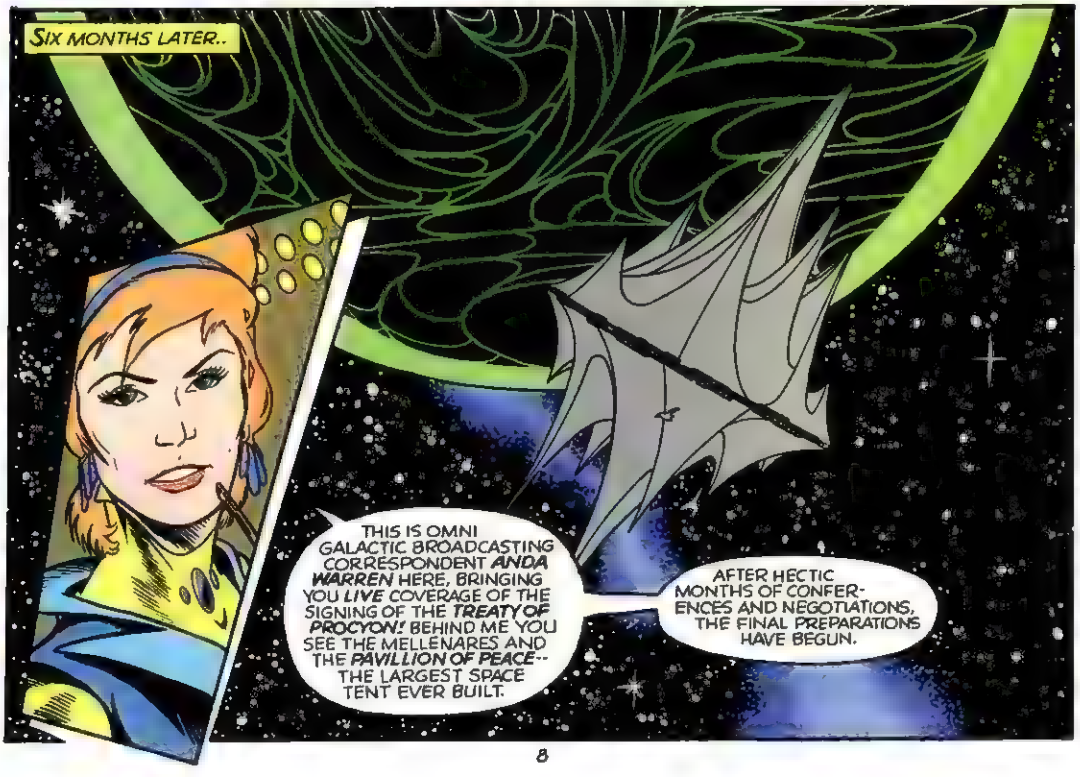

BEFORE THE SHIPS OF THE TENTH QUADRANT CAN FULLY COMPREHEND THEIR DOOM, IT IS UPON THEM.
WITH A SINGLE GESTURE, THE GIANT FIGURE BURNS A WOUND 50 KILOMETERS WIDE THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ALLIANCE FLEET.
THE WAR WILL END TODAY.
WOLF-1 HAS TAUGHT THE MELLENARES HOW TO USE THEIR ENERGY EVEN MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN BEFORE. CONCLUSION-- WE CANNOT WIN.
WITH ONE STROKE IT HAS *DESTROYED* OR *DISABLED* HALF THE FLEET. EARTH AND LONDREE ARE DOOMED.

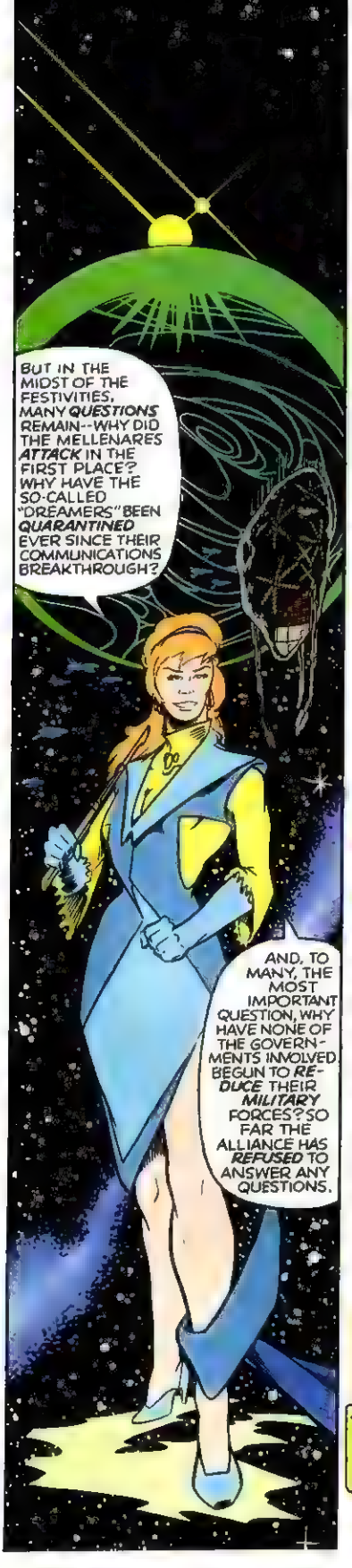
BUT THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER TO A PRAYER, THE TITANIC FIGURE PAUSES...
AND BEGINS TO DISINTEGRATE!
I DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE ANYMORE SURPRISES TODAY.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. DID IT... BURN OUT WITH THAT ONE SHOT?
IF SO, THEN ALL THE CORE NEED DO IS GENERATE ANOTHER WOLF-1--BUT THE CORES ENERGY LEVELS ARE DROPPING.
BUT... BUT WHY?
THEY COULD HAVE DESTROYED US, BUT DID NOT. THEY KNOW WE ARE HERE, SO WHAT DOES THIS LEAVE?
PERHAPS THEY ARE READY TO TALK.
CONTACT THE DREAMERS. SEE IF THEY CAN TRY AGAIN!

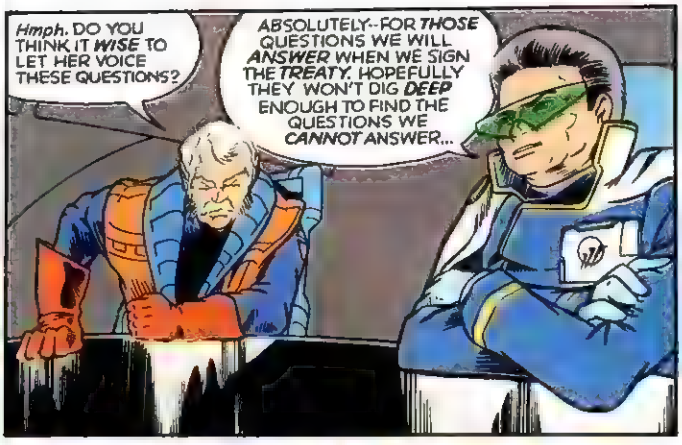

THE DREAMERS HAVE ALREADY CONTACTED US. THEY'RE READY TO BEGIN.
THE FINAL SECTIONS ARE HOOKED UP, Dr. HAYNER.
THE DREAMERS--HUMANS WHO ARE SENSITIVE TO THE MENTAL FREQUENCIES USED BY THE MELLENARES. THEY HAVE BEEN GATHERED TOGETHER ABOARD THE SPACE LAB, NEMO, TO TRY TO ESTABLISH COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE VAST GROUP-MIND BEFORE THEM.
WE ARE BEGINNING FEED AT ONE THIRD POWER.
CONFIRMED. AM CHANNELING AND READY FOR PROJECTION SEQUENCE...
"...NOW!"
HELLO? CAN YOU... HEAR US?
DRIVEN BY THE POWER OF HUNDREDS OF MINDS WORKING IN UNISON, Dr. HAYNER TENTATIVELY PROBES THE CORE.

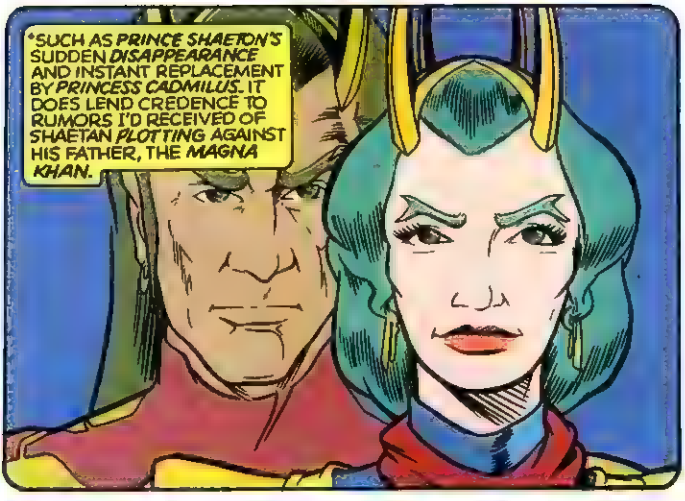

WORLDS... AN UNCOUNTABLE NUMBER OF WORLDS--ALL DEAD! ARE THESE WOLF-1'S MEMORIES? SOMETHING ELSE... I... oh, NO!
DOCTOR! THE DAMPERS JUST KICKED IN! SHOULD WE CUT...?
NO!! NOT YET! I'M TRYING TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND... THEY ARE TOO... LOUD!
IT'S WORKING! THEY'RE POWERING DOWN... IMAGES... I SEE... THEIR HOME-WORLD! THERE'S THE CORE... SORROW... PAIN... THEY'RE LEAVING! BUT WHY? I DON'T...
NO! IT CAN'T... THE MELLENARES... THEY... IT...!

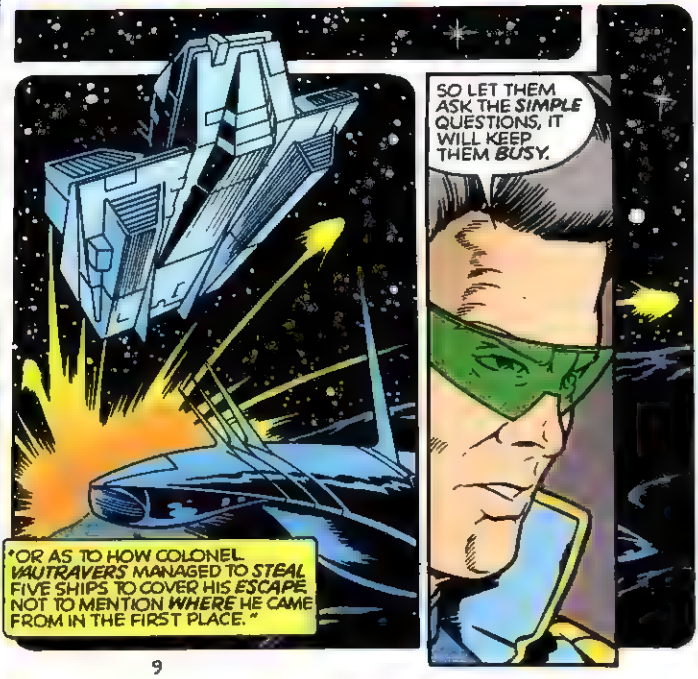

MEANWHILE, BACK ON DELTA..
THE FINAL PREPARATIONS HAVE BEEN COMPLETED, ADMIRAL.
VERY WELL. COMMENCE THE EVACUATION OF ALL NON-ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL, AND BEGIN THE OVERLOAD SEQUENCE IN THE MAIN POWER DOMES. A DESPERATE ACT WITH WHICH TO END MY COMMAND, NO?
DO YOU TRULY THINK THAT HURTLING DELTA BASE INTO THE CORE WILL DESTROY IT, AKIRA?
DATA-COM THINKS IT FEASIBLE, AND I HAVE NOTHING ELSE LEFT TO TRY, MY FRIEND.
WE HAVE AN INCOMING MESSAGE FROM NEMO STATION.
ADMIRAL! WE'VE MADE CONTACT! WE MUST STOP FIGHTING-- NOW! LISTEN!


SIX MONTHS LATER..
THIS IS OMNI GALACTIC BROADCASTING CORRESPONDENT ANDA WARREN HERE, BRINGING YOU LIVE COVERAGE OF THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF PROCYON! BEHIND ME YOU SEE THE MELLENARES AND THE PAVILLION OF PEACE-- THE LARGEST SPACE TENT EVER BUILT.
AFTER HECTIC MONTHS OF CONFERENCES AND NEGOTIATIONS, THE FINAL PREPARATIONS HAVE BEGUN.


BUT IN THE MIDST OF THE FESTIVITIES, MANY *QUESTIONS* REMAIN--WHY DID THE MELLENARES *ATTACK* IN THE FIRST PLACE? WHY HAVE THE SO-CALLED "DREAMERS" BEEN *QUARANTINED* EVER SINCE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS BREAKTHROUGH?
AND, TO MANY, THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION, WHY HAVE NONE OF THE GOVERNMENTS INVOLVED BEGUN TO *REDUCE* THEIR *MILITARY* FORCES? SO FAR THE ALLIANCE HAS *REFUSED* TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS.


Hmph. DO YOU THINK IT *WISE* TO LET HER VOICE THESE QUESTIONS?
ABSOLUTELY--FOR *THOSE* QUESTIONS WE WILL *ANSWER* WHEN WE SIGN THE *TREATY*. HOPEFULLY THEY WON'T DIG *DEEP* ENOUGH TO FIND THE QUESTIONS WE *CANNOT* ANSWER...


"SUCH AS *PRINCE SHAETON'S* SUDDEN *DISAPPEARANCE* AND INSTANT REPLACEMENT BY *PRINCESS CADMILUS*. IT DOES LEND CREDENCE TO RUMORS I'D RECEIVED OF SHAETAN *PLOTTING* AGAINST HIS FATHER, THE *MAGNA KHAN*.

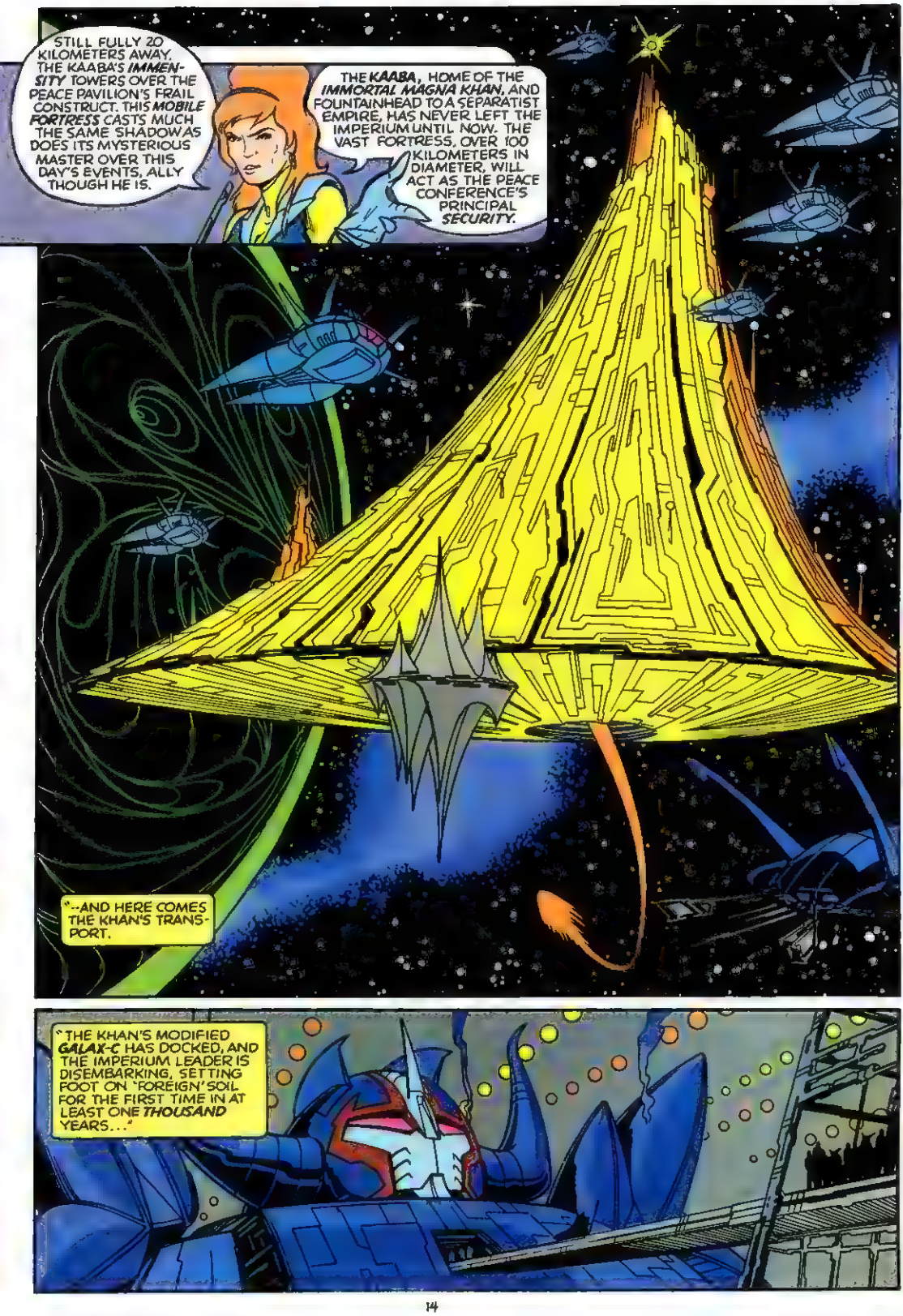

"OR AS TO HOW COLONEL *VAUTRAVERS* MANAGED TO *STEAL* FIVE SHIPS TO COVER HIS *ESCAPE*, NOT TO MENTION *WHERE* HE CAME FROM IN THE FIRST PLACE."
SO LET THEM ASK THE *SIMPLE* QUESTIONS, IT WILL KEEP THEM *BUSY*.

BELOW, ON T-DECK, THE NEWLY RE-BUILT AND RE-FITTED DYNAMO JOE Mk 3 AWAITS THE CALL OF ACTION.
HONOR GUARD DUTY!? AND ME WITHOUT A THING TO WASH 'N' WEAR!
SPECTRE SQUADRON, PREPARE TO MOVE OUT!
Gee, SARGE, WHY'D THEY SELECT US?
I GUESS IT'S BECAUSE WE HAD THE GOOD TASTE NOT TO GET KILLED.
BUTTON IT, YOU TWO. ASSUME HONOR GUARD FORMATION.
WE'RE HERE AT A HISTORIC MOMENT. WE'VE JUST SEEN THE ARRIVAL OF THE TERRAN DIRECTORATE YACHT, AEDENA, AND THE TAVITANESE HEAVY CRUISER, SYNARR. ABOARD ARE THE MATRIARCH OF THE TAVITAN EMPIRE AND THE DIRECTOR OF EARTH, MEETING HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

"THE SHIPS HAVE LANDED, AND NOW THE TWO LEADERS ARE ABOUT TO MEET.
"THAT'S DIRECTOR LLOYD KETTER, OF THE TERRAN SYSTEM.
"AND WITH HIM NOW IS R'THYM, THE VENERABLE MATRIARCH OF LONDREE, AND QUEEN PROTECTOR OF THE TAVITAN EMPIRE.
"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THAT THE LEADERS OF THE TWO MOST INFLUENCIAL INTERSTELLAR EMPIRES HAVE MET. WE ARE WITNESSING A HISTORICAL ENCOUNTER WHICH WILL HAVE POLITICAL REPERCUSSIONS WE CANNOT BEGIN TO IMAGINE."

YOUR MAJESTY, I BRING THE WARM FRIENDSHIP OF THE PEOPLE OF EARTH AND ITS PRINCIPALITIES. I TRUST THE HEAVIER GRAVITY AND LIGHTING CONDITIONS WILL NOT TROUBLE YOU.
THANK YOU FOKR YOURR CONCERN, MMMR DIRECTORRR, BUT I FIND MYSELF UPLIFTED BY THE OCCASION. LET US PRRROCEED.
"AND SO, AS THE TWO LEADERS RETIRE TO THEIR CONFERENCE DOMES, THE OCCASION IS OFF TO A GRAND START."
THE QUEEN MOTHER HERSELF! OURR GENERAL SAMA MUST BE HAVING KITTENS. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HER...
INDEED. THE GENERAL CAN TAKE HEART THAT WITH THE KHAN'S IMPENDING ARRIVAL, THE AREA HAS BEEN GUARANTEED SAFE...
...MUCH TO MY PRINCE'S MISFORTUNE.

...AND SO, THE COMMONWEALTH IS NOW COMMITTED TO ACTION WITH US.
THE ONLY *UNKNOWN* FACTOR IS THE KHAN. HE *WAITS* FOR SOMETHING. HE WILL NOT COMMIT HIMSELF.
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, YOUR GRACE, BUT WE *CANNOT* WAIT.
THREE TIMES THE *CORE* HAS BEEN *ATTACKED*--TWICE BY *NEW BROOKLYN* REVENGERS AND ONCE BY *SLAVERS*. IN ALL ATTACKS, THERE WAS AN APPARENT ELEMENT OF *COMPLICITY* WITHIN OUR OWN FORCES!
AS LONG AS IT IS *STATIONARY*, THE CORE PRESENTS AN *INDEFENSIBLE* TARGET. IF IT WERE *HARMED*, THE DAMAGE WOULD BE *INCALCULABLE*.
I AGREE. TIME IS *CRITICAL*, AND THE KHAN MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO *TAMPER* WITH THIS *TREATY*.
SEVEN HOURS LATER...
KAABA ON SCOPE.
PRIVATE, I DIDN'T ORDER FULL MAGNIFICATION.
IT'S NOT ON FULL MAG, SIR.
LADY OF SPACE!

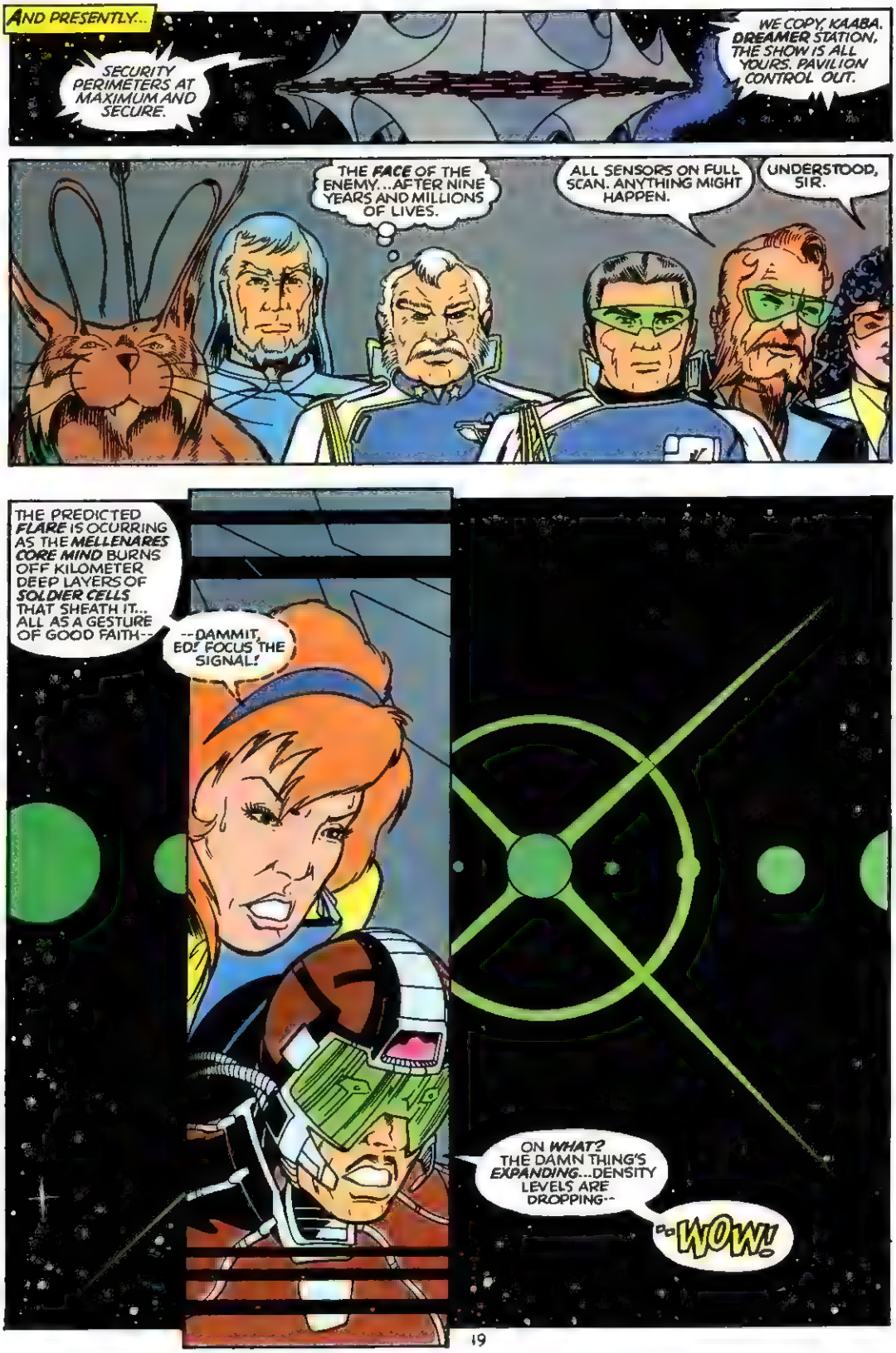

STILL FULLY 20 KILOMETERS AWAY, THE KAABA'S IMMENSITY TOWERS OVER THE PEACE PAVILION'S FRAIL CONSTRUCT. THIS MOBILE FORTRESS CASTS MUCH THE SAME SHADOW AS DOES ITS MYSTERIOUS MASTER OVER THIS DAY'S EVENTS, ALLY THOUGH HE IS.
THE KAABA, HOME OF THE IMMORTAL MAGNA KHAN, AND FOUNTAINHEAD TO A SEPARATIST EMPIRE, HAS NEVER LEFT THE IMPERIUM UNTIL NOW. THE VAST FORTRESS, OVER 100 KILOMETERS IN DIAMETER, WILL ACT AS THE PEACE CONFERENCE'S PRINCIPAL SECURITY.
"--AND HERE COMES THE KHAN'S TRANSPORT.
"THE KHAN'S MODIFIED GALAX-C HAS DOCKED, AND THE IMPERIUM LEADER IS DISEMBARKING, SETTING FOOT ON "FOREIGN" SOIL FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AT LEAST ONE THOUSAND YEARS..."

GREETINGS, PEOPLE OF TERRA, FROM YOUR ESTRANGED *COUSINS* OF THE IMPERIUM. I NOW PRESENT MYSELF TO SHARE THE *BOND* WITH YOU THAT OUR WARRIORS HAVE SHARED FOR NINE YEARS.
AND TO YOU ALL, MAY THIS PEACE BE AS STRONG AS THOSE WHO FOUGHT FOR IT. OUR FATES ARE *CLOSER* TOGETHER THAN WE RECKONED.
YOUR WARRIORS FOUGHT WITH DISTINCTION... WHAT THERE WERE OF THEM.
WHAT?!
WHAT, INDEED.
YOUR *COMMITMENT* TO THE ALLIANCE HAS BEEN *MINIMAL* AT BEST...
...AND YOU COME HERE WITH YOUR *FUTURE* COMMITMENTS UNKNOWN.

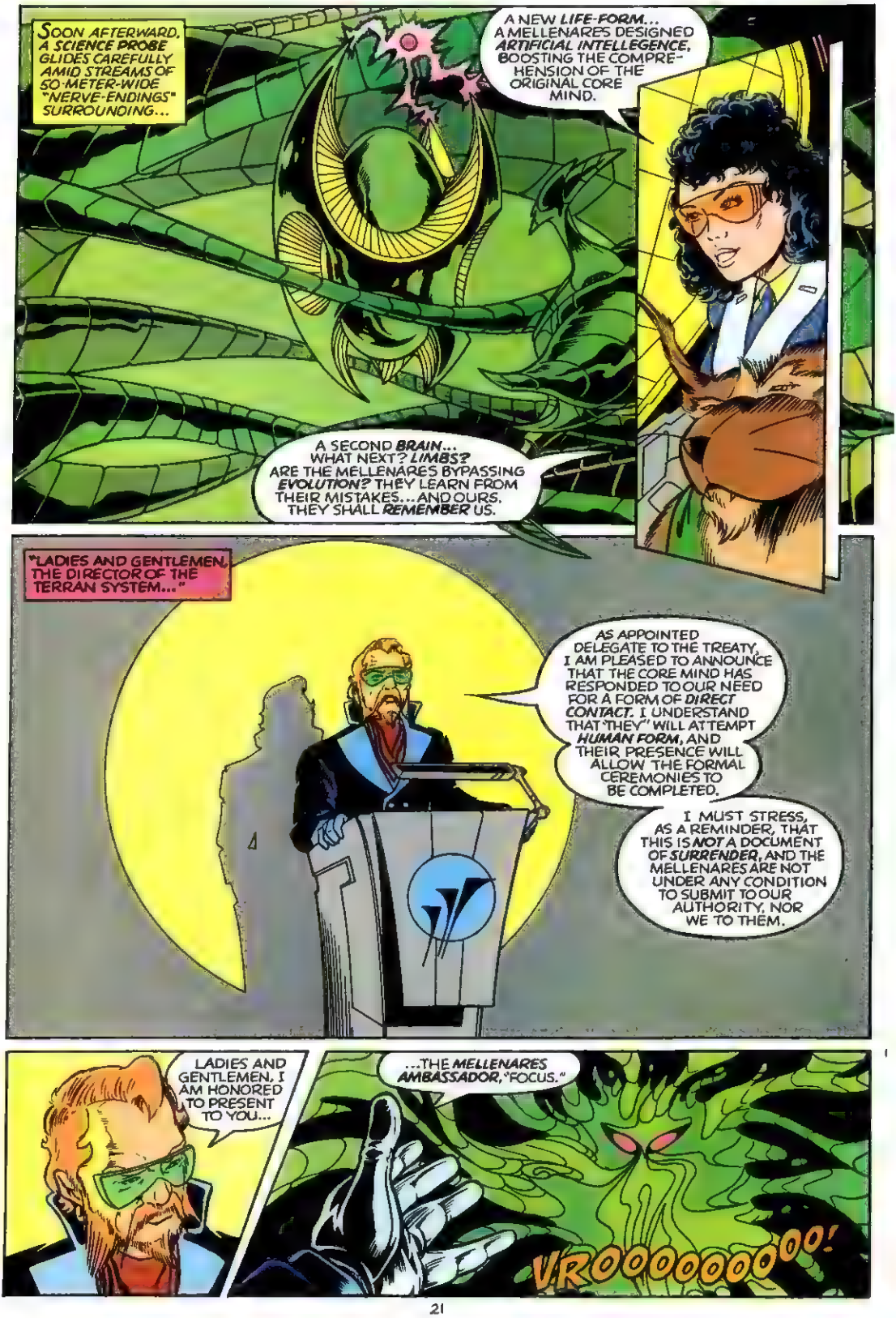
WE MUST KNOW NOW--ARE YOU WITH US? IF NOT, THEN LEAVE NOW, FOR WE HAVE WORK TO DO.
YOU DARE SPEAK TO ME THUS?!
I MUST.
WE NEED A UNITED FRONT NOW MORE THAN EVER.
HAH-
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
WAK!
THE SPIRIT OF OLD EARTH IS NOT YET DEAD! I'M WITH YOU!
FOOF!
HE--HE STRUCK YOU. ARE YOU AT WAR?
NO. (Gasp!) Um, IT'S AN OLD EARTH CUSTOM SYMBOLIZING, uh...
TOGETHERNESS IN ADVERSITY.
Oh. SHOULD NOT I AND THE OTHERS STRIKE YOU AS WELL?

THE DELEGATES APPROACH. STAND BY, SERGEANT.
SPECTRE SQUADRON READY FOR INSPECTION, SIR.
NOW REMEMBER... YOU ACT WEIRD IN FRONT OF THE HIGH MOTHER...
...AND YOU'LL PULL MY TAIL OUT THROUGH MY MOUTH!
Y'GOT IT, PUP.
...AND THIS IS THE MARK III MODIFICATION OVER A MARK I FRAME-WORK BASE.
SO, POMRRU, WHY THE SERENE FACIAL MODULE?
AN OLD HUMAN TRICK OF USING AN IMPASSIVE BATTLEMASK AGAINST A FEARSOME FOE... IT WAS DEVELOPED FOR THE MARK I SUITS TO FIGHT THE SLAVERS IN CLOSE COMBAT... IT DROVE 'EM NUTS... um... THEY DIDN'T LIKE IT.
I SEE.
WELL, LADY C'MELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR HERO?
Oh, HE'S ADORABLE, YOUR GRACE--HE'LL MAKE A FINE MATE!
OOK!

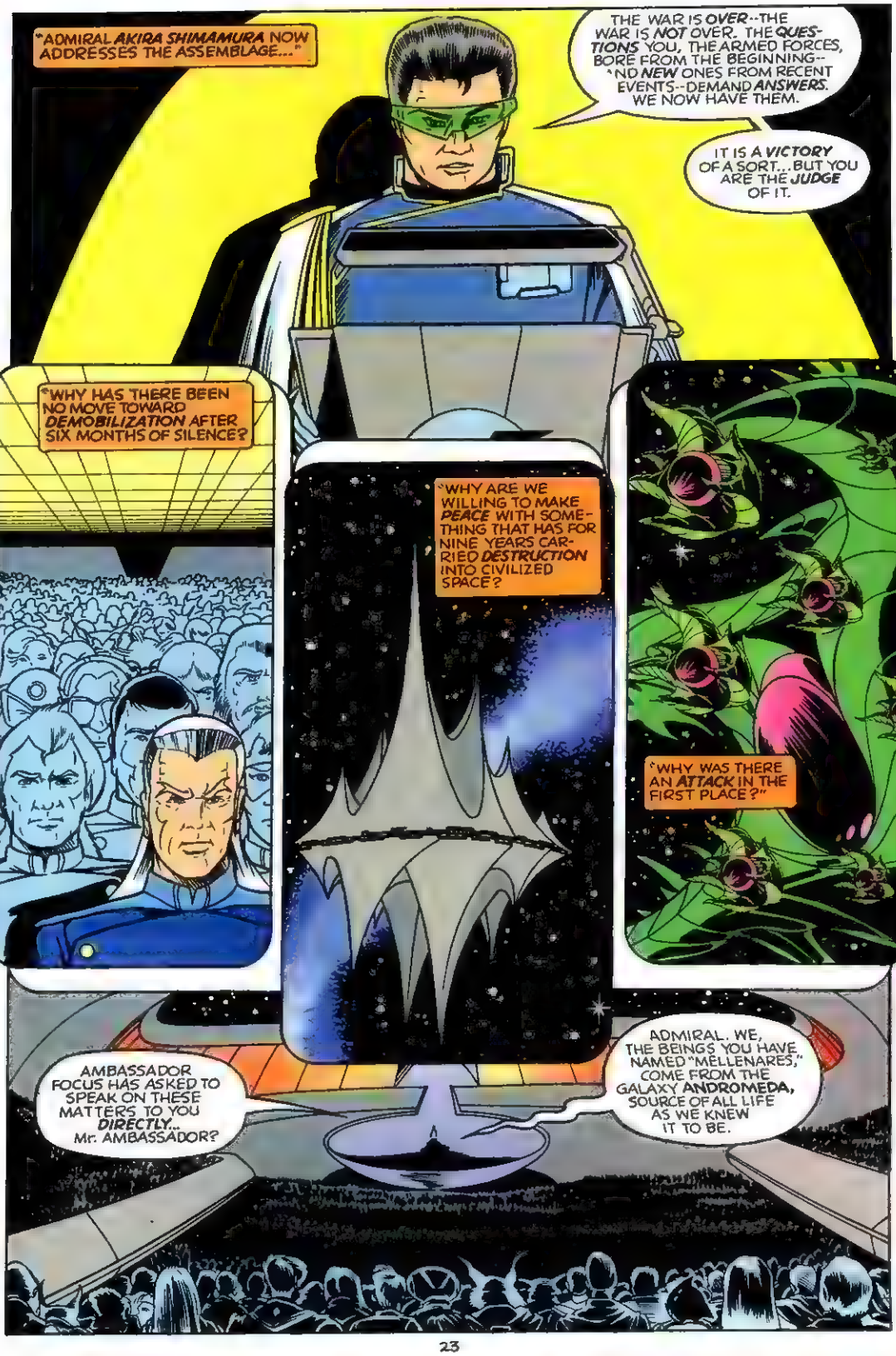
AND INSIDE THE BATTLESUIT...
...AND BY HAVING SPECIALLY PAIRED CREWS, WE CAN SIMULATE THE FUNCTIONS OF THE LEFT AND RIGHT SIDES OF THE BRAIN.
VERY INTERESTING, OVERSEER-GEANT...
BUT, ACTUALLY I AM HERE WITH A MESSAGE FROM YOUR PARENTS. THEY WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW PROUD THEY ARE OF YOU.
...I MIGHT HAVE STOPPED HER... IT WAS SO SUDDEN...
IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN...
...AND THEY SHARE YOUR GRIEF AT THE LOSS OF YOUR SISTER.
I NEED A DRINK!
ELANIAN?!
COMING, ELANIAN?
MY LADY, ATTEND.

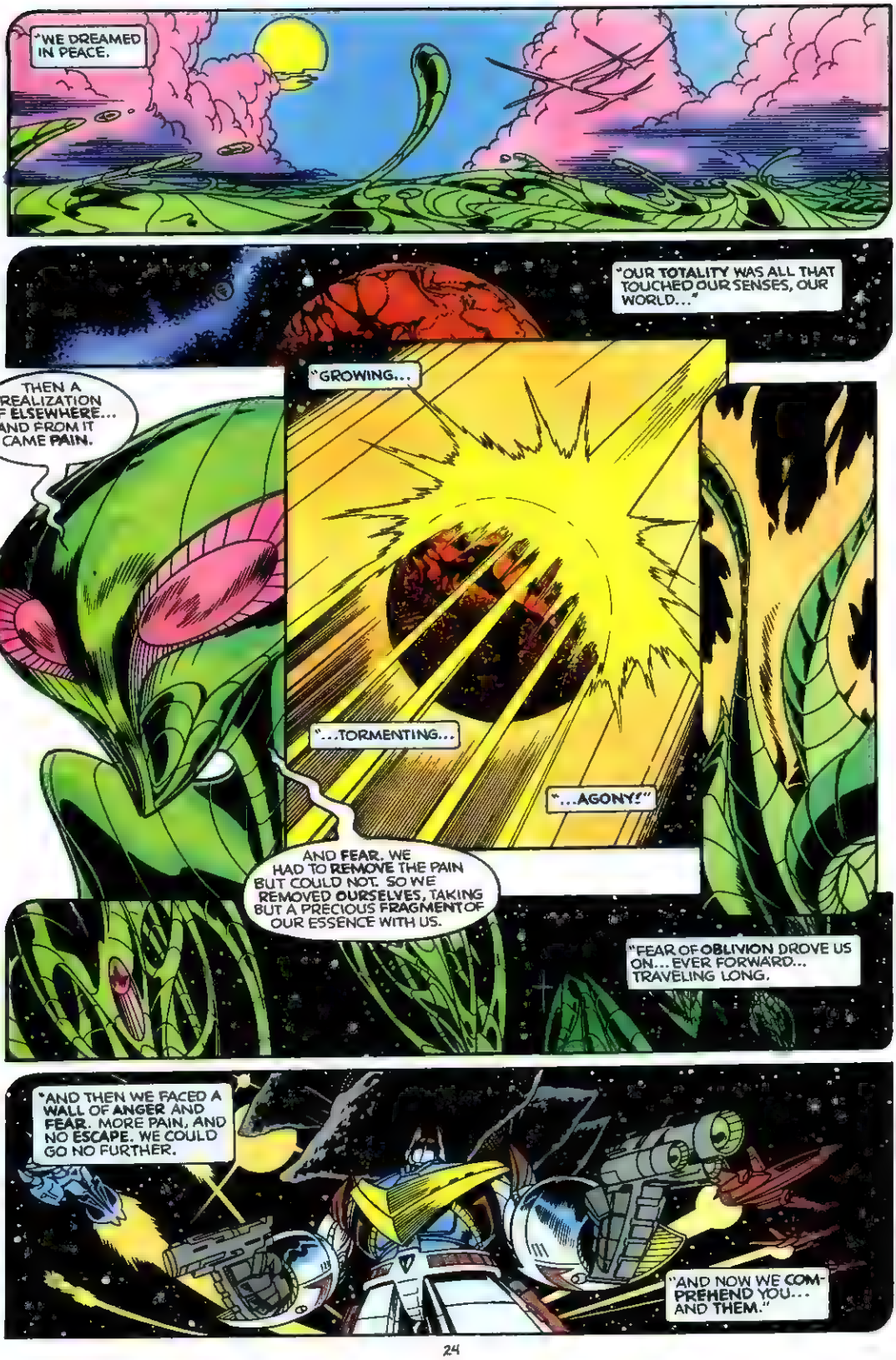

AND PRESENTLY...
SECURITY PERIMETERS AT MAXIMUM AND SECURE.
WE COPY, KAABA. DREAMER STATION, THE SHOW IS ALL YOURS. PAVILION CONTROL OUT.
THE FACE OF THE ENEMY...AFTER NINE YEARS AND MILLIONS OF LIVES.
ALL SENSORS ON FULL SCAN. ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN.
UNDERSTOOD, SIR.
THE PREDICTED FLARE IS OCURRING AS THE MELLENARES CORE MIND BURNS OFF KILOMETER DEEP LAYERS OF SOLDIER CELLS THAT SHEATH IT... ALL AS A GESTURE OF GOOD FAITH--
--DAMMIT, ED! FOCUS THE SIGNAL!
ON WHAT? THE DAMN THING'S EXPANDING...DENSITY LEVELS ARE DROPPING--
WOW!

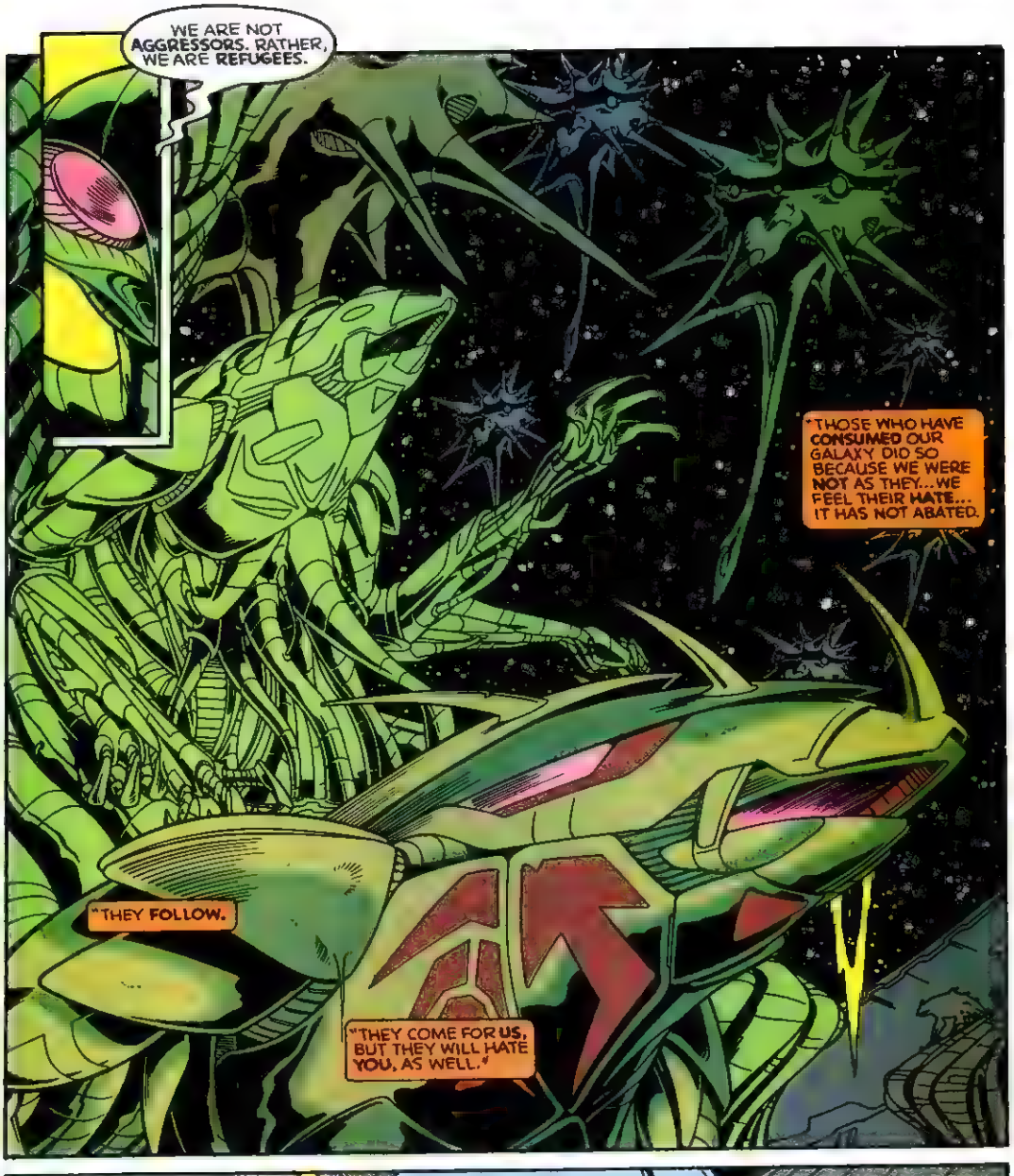
THE CORE--
--A FRAGMENT OF THE MELLENARES HOME-WORLD FORGED AND FASHIONED OVER A GALAXY-SPANNING VOYAGE AT SUB-LIGHT SPEED, WITH THE TRAPPINGS OF LONG-DEAD ALIEN SCIENCES OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY.
A CRYSTALIZED REMNANT DEEP WITHIN THE STRUCTURE SEETHES WITH A UNIQUE MULTI-DIMENSIONAL ENERGY WAVE... THE LIFE-LINE OF THE MELLENARES GROUP-MIND. THIS IS THE CENTER OF THEIR BEING.
A NEW AWARENESS NOW COURSES THROUGH THE CORE MIND... AN INTELLECT THAT SPANS DIMENSIONS HAS NOW JOINED WITH THE CORE--WOLF-1!
WOLF-1 WAS APPARENTLY ABSORBED. HIS KNOWLEDGE ADVANCED THE MELLENARES MIND TO BECOME AWARE OF WHAT WE ARE AND WHY WE FIGHT.


SOON AFTERWARD, A SCIENCE PROBE GLIDES CAREFULLY AMID STREAMS OF 50-METER-WIDE "NERVE-ENDINGS" SURROUNDING...
A NEW LIFE-FORM... A MELLENARES DESIGNED ARTIFICIAL INTELLEGENCE, BOOSTING THE COMPREHENSION OF THE ORIGINAL CORE MIND.
A SECOND BRAIN... WHAT NEXT? LIMBS? ARE THE MELLENARES BYPASSING EVOLUTION? THEY LEARN FROM THEIR MISTAKES...AND OURS. THEY SHALL REMEMBER US.
"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE DIRECTOR OF THE TERRAN SYSTEM..."
AS APPOINTED DELEGATE TO THE TREATY, I AM PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE CORE MIND HAS RESPONDED TO OUR NEED FOR A FORM OF DIRECT CONTACT. I UNDERSTAND THAT "THEY" WILL ATTEMPT HUMAN FORM, AND THEIR PRESENCE WILL ALLOW THE FORMAL CEREMONIES TO BE COMPLETED.
I MUST STRESS, AS A REMINDER, THAT THIS IS NOT A DOCUMENT OF SURRENDER, AND THE MELLENARES ARE NOT UNDER ANY CONDITION TO SUBMIT TO OUR AUTHORITY, NOR WE TO THEM.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM HONORED TO PRESENT TO YOU...
...THE MELLENARES AMBASSADOR, "FOCUS."
VROOOOOOOOO!

DIRECTOR KETTER? THIS COMMUNICATION IS SUFFICIENT?
YES, Mr. AMBASSADOR...
...THE TREATY AWAITS YOUR INITIAL IMPRINT.
"AN IRRADIATED CORNER MARKS THE MELLANARES 'SIGNATURE'...
SSSSS!
"AN ANCIENT SIGNET RING IS USED BY THE MAGNA KHAN...
BAM!
"WHILE EMIL de CHAN, OF THE COMMON-WEALTH, SCRIBES HIMSELF IN THE TRADITIONAL MANNER...
"AS DOES DIRECTOR KETTER OF TERRA...
"...AND THE TAVITAN MATRIARCH, R'THYM...
"...WITH SOME DIFFICULTY."


"ADMIRAL AKIRA SHIMAMURA NOW ADDRESSES THE ASSEMBLAGE..."
THE WAR IS OVER--THE WAR IS NOT OVER. THE QUESTIONS YOU, THE ARMED FORCES, BORE FROM THE BEGINNING--AND NEW ONES FROM RECENT EVENTS--DEMAND ANSWERS. WE NOW HAVE THEM.
IT IS A VICTORY OF A SORT...BUT YOU ARE THE JUDGE OF IT.
"WHY HAS THERE BEEN NO MOVE TOWARD DEMOBILIZATION AFTER SIX MONTHS OF SILENCE?
"WHY ARE WE WILLING TO MAKE PEACE WITH SOMETHING THAT HAS FOR NINE YEARS CARRIED DESTRUCTION INTO CIVILIZED SPACE?
"WHY WAS THERE AN ATTACK IN THE FIRST PLACE?"
AMBASSADOR FOCUS HAS ASKED TO SPEAK ON THESE MATTERS TO YOU DIRECTLY... Mr. AMBASSADOR?
ADMIRAL. WE, THE BEINGS YOU HAVE NAMED "MELLENARES," COME FROM THE GALAXY ANDROMEDA, SOURCE OF ALL LIFE AS WE KNEW IT TO BE.


"WE DREAMED IN PEACE.
"OUR TOTALITY WAS ALL THAT TOUCHED OUR SENSES, OUR WORLD..."
"GROWING...
THEN A REALIZATION OF ELSEWHERE... AND FROM IT CAME PAIN.
"...TORMENTING...
"...AGONY!"
AND FEAR. WE HAD TO REMOVE THE PAIN BUT COULD NOT. SO WE REMOVED OURSELVES, TAKING BUT A PRECIOUS FRAGMENT OF OUR ESSENCE WITH US.
"FEAR OF OBLIVION DROVE US ON... EVER FORWARD... TRAVELING LONG.
"AND THEN WE FACED A WALL OF ANGER AND FEAR. MORE PAIN, AND NO ESCAPE. WE COULD GO NO FURTHER.
"AND NOW WE COMPREHEND YOU... AND THEM."


WE ARE NOT AGGRESSORS. RATHER, WE ARE REFUGEES.
"THOSE WHO HAVE CONSUMED OUR GALAXY DID SO BECAUSE WE WERE NOT AS THEY... WE FEEL THEIR HATE... IT HAS NOT ABATED.
"THEY FOLLOW.
"THEY COME FOR US, BUT THEY WILL HATE YOU, AS WELL."
WE WILL STAND WITH YOU--WE ONLY SEEK SAFETY FOR THE INFINITY NEST, THE CORE.
OUR CONSCIOUSNESS NOW UNDERSTANDS YOU... WE SHARE YOUR FEAR. WE NOW COMPREHEND THE ANCIENT FOE TRACKING US. THEY ARE INSANE.
SARGE, WHY IS IT THAT THIS GREAT, BIG GALAXY DON'T SEEM AS BIG AS IT WAS TEN MINUTES AGO...

LATER...
WELL, THE NICE THING ABOUT HAVING A BUNCHA' MICROBES AS ALLIES IS THAT THEY DON'T TAKE UP TOO MUCH ROOM. WHERE TO NEXT, SARGE?
WE LEAVE FOR SLAVER TERRITORY WITH IPPOLITOV'S GROUP IN THE COMMONWEALTH... UNTIL THE OTHER FOE APPEARS...IF IT EVER DOES.
STRANGE, EVEN FIGHTING THE WRONG FOE, THE WAR WAS NECESSARY TO FORESTALL THE DESTRUCTION OF BOTH OUR SPECIES. AND NOW THE FEAR HAS BEEN PLANTED AGAIN. SHIMAMURA WILL REMAIN ON CONSTANT VIGIL ON THE ORION RIM... I DO NOT ENVY HIM.
WELL, WHATEVER WE GET INTO, THE TWO OF US OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO COME UP SMELLIN' LIKE WOWZERS, RIGHT?
WHY, POMRU, DON'T YOU MEAN...
...THE THREE OF US?
-END-

Dear Tabby

C/O FIRST COMICS
435 N. LASALLE
CHICAGO IL 60610

Dear Joe,

I would like to commend you for an extraordinary book. I look forward to each issue. The artwork, color, and story are excellent. I also like the idea of "Who are these guys, anyway?" and "Next Month," even though I own *at least* one copy of each issue.

I'm a tried-n-true robot man. I was weaned on Magnus: Robot Fighter, and Machine Man and Metal Men were a must. When Dynamo Joe hit the market, it also went into my collection. And I also have a copy of "The First Choice" poster with Joe and the other First characters. This isn't enough!

Is it possible to list *all* the appearances of Dynamo Joe? I have the mini-series reprint, the regular series, the First Specials, and the Grimjack. But, only if I have a complete listing can I be sure not to miss anything.

Everett D. McCoy
B-0 Villa Park
Rolla, MO 65401

Okay, for the last time: ***Mars*** *#10-12,* ***First Adventures*** *#1-5,* ***Grimjack*** *#30,* ***Dynamo Joe Special*** *#1 (reprinting the the story that appeared in* ***Mars****, plus a cutaway schematic of DJ and other sundry extras), the DJ poster, the "First Choice" poster, and finally* ***Dynamo Joe*** *#1-15.*

Dear DJ Persons,

I just read Dynamo Joe #12. I thought it was fantastic. The story was very original. Here are some suggestions to improve the good old DJ.

1) Since you don't have the Cargonauts any more why not include them in the normal DJs?

2) Give Dynamo Joe something other than that circle thing on his chest to signify that he is Spectre squad leader. Something like a gun on his arm or a symbol.

3) For issue 20 have Wolf-1 turn traitor and hurt Pomru. Then have Daro go after Vautravers. Then have them get in a big battle and both get damaged beyond repair. Then at the last moment have Daro set DJ on overload and eject. DJ blows up taking Wolf-1 with it. Then that's the end.

Mike Scott
4467 Albright Drive
Salt Lake City, UT 84124

I'm afraid we're one step ahead of you, Mike.

Yo Joe,

Yeah, I know. This letter's late and I haven't written in a bit, but better late... or have you heard that one before?

Anyways, there's one major piece of business at hand which must be addressed immediately: DON'T END THE ORION WAR!!! Don't do it! It's a mistake!

A few points to be considered: The Omega Men ended the Citadel War with #6. Where are they now? Hawkman recently ended the Shadow War. Guess what? It's being cancelled soon. Need I go on?

Too bad. I will anyway! These wars WORK, people! Joe and company were created as warriors (or perhaps soldiers is a better word), and so they should stay. Further, the Mellenares are (is?) one of the best villains in comics. They make Dynamo Joe exciting just as much as the major characters, and with far less personality.

Having addressed that subject, I'd best stop lest I be jumping the gun. (I can think of at least three ways that the war can continue, the most obvious being the creation of another Central Core, for the reasons given in #9...)

Right. (Or, as John Cleese would say, "Roit!") Next up would be Wolf-1. This 'bot worries me. Vautravers is a cool guy, and I hope he sticks around, but Wolf-1 is a bad 'bot. Am I correct in assuming that it is sentient? It talks in different balloons than Vautravers (what kind of balloons do you talk in?), and seems much more bloodthirsty. Oh, well. I guess I'll find out next issue (#13). What REALLY worries me is that this is just Wolf-ONE...

Tanamara (one or two n's, folks?) is scum. I mean really scummy. However, she's one of the most shapely pieces of scum I've seen in a while. My compliments to Mr. Rice...

Mm. What now? Ah! What ever happened to Anda Warren? She could give Tanamara a run for her money with Daro...

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Well, that's the pot calling the kettle black, isn't it? Oh, well. Now if only I could get everyone to start their letters with "Yo, Joe" after all, it's terrible to waste such a great phrase on toy soldiers...

Mike Rawdon
25 Annawan Road
Newton, MA 02168

Dear Tabby,

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None of them were too confusing, but the difference between "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "One of Our Planets is Missing" is pretty obvious, as well as "This Calls for Hyperspace," and "End Run."

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M.C.^{2}
Address withheld by request

*I promise you won't have any more problems with the titles of forthcoming **DJ** issues.*

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Now, of course, if the Mellenares aren't *really* helpless and/or the Orion War isn't *really* over and/or you guys really *do* have something up your sleeves, then I take it all back! (However, we all know that I'm *never wrong*! At least, not in anything *really important*, right?!? Marginally important? Um, guys?...)

And say, did you *really* have to increase the cover price of DJ? Okay, so it's a nice format — but *I* have to live with the screams and protestations of my wallet as I try to pry the money out of it! And with the introduction of the new dollar coin here next month, that darn wallet will be able to get an even tighter grip on the money! (At least dollar bills eventually tear — and then if I've got the bigger half, I get to spend it!)

T.M. Maple
Box 1272, Station B
Weston, Ontario
M9L 2R9 Canada

*Well, T.M., I've got some good news and some bad news. The good news is **DJ** won't cost $1.75 anymore... the bad news is there won't be any more **DJ**. This is the end of our story. Or at least the end of this incarnation anyway. The storyline that **Doug Rice** plotted out before he started pencilling the very first installment of **DJ** could easily take us through the next two years. But the sad truth is that our legions of fans, loyal as they may be, just aren't large enough to continue the series without actually losing large sums of money every month. In fact, we only kept it going this long to wrap-up the Orion War and Wolf-1 storylines.*

*So to all you fans who stuck with us and to all you creative people who made **Dynamo Joe** what it was, thanks for being there. We'll see you next time around.*

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— Rick Oliver

FIRST NOTES

SUBMITTED FOR APPROVAL

Just the other day, our editorial coordinator, Rich Markow, came into my office and said, "How can we ever hope to find fresh, new talent if we don't look at all these unsolicited submissions and respond to them?"

I pushed aside the pile of papers on my desk, which then fell onto the heap of papers on the floor, which proceeded to slide casually into the Leaning Tower of Paper propped up against the wall and held in place by the power of hypnotic suggestion, which then jolted awake, realizing it was only paper and had no consciousness to speak of and therefore was not the least bit affected by hypnosis, careened wildly from side to side, and then finally succumbed to the force of gravity, burying the aforementioned Mr. Markow in the process.

"I give up," I replied, as he extricated himself from my intricate filing system, "how *do* we find fresh, new talent if we don't look at all these unsolicited submissions?"

"Come on, now — I'm serious!" he exclaimed seriously. "Don't we have an obligation to tell these people if their work is any good or not?"

"Would we be doing them any favors by telling them it isn't?" I asked. "Besides, what makes you think we don't look at them?"

Markow looked up from a stick figure rendered in crayon that would have rivaled the works of Picasso and retorted, "Well, I never hear anything about it."

"Sure you do," I quipped. "You know how we found **Robb Phipps**, the penciller on **Psychoblast**? Unsolicited submission. And **Ron Lim**, the artist we chose to take over **Badger** while **Bill Reinhold** works on the graphic novel? Unsolicited submission. And **Eric Shanower's** series of Oz graphic novels? It all started with an unsolicited submission.

"We try to *look* at every submission that comes in," I continued, "but we simply don't have time to *respond* to all of them. We pick out the ones that look good to us, and then we contact the artists and writers. We may ask for more samples or we may give them an assignment right away."

"But what about all these others?" Markow gesticulated wildly, slipping on a proposal for a superhero team with 113 major characters with special notations indicating which ones have superpowers, which ones are mutants, and which ones have neither superpowers nor mutations. "Shouldn't we at least send them a critique or a polite rejection?"

"Sit down, Rich." I gestured to a chair only partially buried in a "partial list of main characters" from a concept for a continuing series about "a number of individuals who all gain superhuman powers at the same time from a mysterious comet." (Sound familiar?)

"Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time, there was a comic book company that thought it would be a great idea to develop a form for evaluating unsolicited submissions. It had all sorts of useful categories, check boxes, and rating scales. The idea was that the editors and art directors could critique the work and then send it back to the writer and/or artist, who could then use this "constructive criticism" to hone their skills.

"And do you know what happened, Rich?"

"No," he replied cautiously, eyeing what appeared to be an abstract drawing of an eggplant with a mustache.

"There was only one thing wrong with the system: nobody could agree on an evaluation that remotely resembled a consensus, and we spent more time...

"There were only two things wrong with the system: nobody could agree on an evaluation that remotely resembled a consensus, and we spent more time evaluating unsolicited submissions than editing our regular, ongoing books, and some of them were so bizarre...

"Three things were wrong with the system... well, you get the idea."

"Okay," Rich conceded, "so maybe we can't critique them all. But what about a polite rejection?"

"What's a *polite* rejection?" I queried. "And without explaining *why* it was being rejected, what purpose would it serve?"

"To let them know we aren't interested?" he suggested.

"If we don't contact them, then we're obviously not interested," I countered. "Besides, I already ran a list of guidelines for submissions in one of my columns. I've already explained that we don't have the time or the staff to respond to every submission."

Rich brushed aside an exciting proposal to "co-publish" the exploits of a new "superer" team, and sighed, "Oh, in that case, never mind."

—Rick Oliver

FIRST IN SEPTEMBER

Lone Wolf and Cub #5: The Lone Wolf is challenged by Headless Sakon. By **Kazuo Koike** and **Goseki Kojima**. Cover and introduction by **Frank Miller**.

Badger #31: Badger must slice his way through an army of the world's most vicious kung fu killers. By **Mike Baron** and **Bill Reinhold**.

Evangeline #5: Black-market clones become the target of Evangeline's righteous anger. By **Charles Dixon**, **Cara Sherman-Tereno** and **Ricardo Villagran**.

Nexus #40: Nexus makes the mistake of getting personally involved with one of his victims. By **Mike Baron**, **Steve Rude** and **John Nyberg.**

Dreadstar #34: Dreadstar winds up running for his life from the pyrotechnic assualt of Malchek! By **Jim Starlin**, **Luke McDonnell** and **Val Mayerik**.

Grimjack #42: A former champion discovers that winning means more than just a title when he stakes his own life against impossible odds. By **John Ostrander** and **Tom Mandrake**.

Psychoblast #3: Arrabella's insatiable lust for Brian Burke's psychokinetic powers climaxes in a battle to the death with the raw, unrestrained power of Psychoblast! By **Steven Grant**, **Robb Phipps** and **Al Vey**.

American Flagg! #48: Reuben finds himself skyjacked — onboard an unscheduled trip to Mars! Part two of a *very* special four part **AF!** saga by **Howard Chaykin**, **Mindy Newell** and **Paul Smith**.

Dynamo Joe #15: A giant version of Wolf-1 emerges from the central core of the Mellenares, and the Dreamers make an astounding discovery about the true nature of the enemy. By **Doug Rice**, **Phil Foglio**, and **Brian Thomas**.

Chronicles of Corum #7: **Mike Baron**, **Jackson Guice** and **Kelley Jones** reunite Corum with the forces of Law as the battle mounts against Queen Xiombarg and the hordes of Chaos.

Hawkmoon: The Sword of the Dawn #3: Seeking passage on their quest for the Sword of the Dawn, Hawkmoon is enslaved by murderous pirates. By **Roger Salick** and **Raphael Kayanan**.

Jon Sable Freelance #55: "The Trojan War" continues as Sable's investigation into arms shipments to the IRA leads him to the mysterious Jacklight. Part two of three by **Mike Grell** and **Tony Salmons**.